1770 H. 16. 15

THE

ONSTANT SHEPHERD,

To which are added,

SORROW AND CARE.

HE MIDNIGHT BOWL.

Stirling, Printed by C. Randal

THE

CONSTANT SHEPHERD

O Shepherd the weather is misty and chang
Will you show me over the hills of Traquair
O yes, gentle stranger, where have ye been ra
ing?
To see such a gentleman walking is rare
I've been at the forest, among the young lasses;
I've sung with Shepherds on ilka green hill,
But now I'm resolv'd to give over my roving,
For of every thing in it I have got my will.

I'm afraid you've left some bonny lassie a-mo
ning,
You're the finest young gentleman I ever saw

…es are like diamonds, your hair like the
…gowans,
…r you and them have been breaking the law.
…tle shepherd have you got a wife yet,
…do you live single, come tell me the truth?
…you live single, you're sure to be happy,
…e blooming young lasses are in such a routh.

…ingle for all the fair maids in the forest,
…ind them no more than the leaf on the tree;
…ne pretty girl to whom I did promise,
…marry as soon as my stock it is free.
…charming and pretty, she's both
witty,
…just like a swan in a new fallen pool:
…constant and true, and she'll soon make me
happy,
…e lov'd her since ever I was at the school.

…epherd, you're foolish to bind to a woman,
…lieve me you'll rue't, and that very soon,
…if she proves constant, you'll scarce find an o-
ther,
…ll scarce find another lives under the moon,
…I am no-wise a-mind for to marry,
…kiss all the girls that come in my way.
…ry last summer between Ettrick and Yarrow,
…iss'd mair than twenty that ne'er said me nay.

But the kindeſt young laſſie that ever I met
She lives with her mammie, who had
ava:
I went for to ſee her, and O it was lucky,
For that very night the auld wife was aw
She made up a bed and ſhe bade me come to
And gave all I aſked without e'er a frown
She kiſs'd me and bleſs'd me before that we
And promis'd to meet me next winter in t

O what is the name of that bonny young laſſie
O what is her name, and what age may ſhe
Her name it is Jeanie, ſhe lives in Plantine,
A tall pretty girl about ſeventeen.
O curſe light upon you and him that begat yo
and all your anceſtors, you limb of the de
For if you've deſtroy'd her, ye villain here's
For that's juſt the laſſie I liked fae weel.

O Shepherd ſure threat'nings are very unman
She'll paſs for a maiden with ony but you,
You are welcome to wed her and free to enjoy
But now un'o me you have not prov'd true.
O no, my dear charmer I will not deceive thee
Than wed her I ſooner would put out her b
For if that I had her, when the fury is on me
With this hazel rung I would finiſh you bo

ear Jamie with patience look round you,
t true love it has blinded your een;
ear Jamie with patience look round you,
en not the voice nor the looks of your Jean.
ear Jeanie, why do you ſo teaze me?
be myſel' for theſe eight days and mair,
to my arms before I forgi'e you,
gi'es a' the kiſſes that you hae to ſpare.

I thought that your mind had been chang-
ed,
irty lang weeks ſince I ſaw you and twa;
ved this clothing from one of our neigh-
bours,
na a-mind you ſud ken me ava'.
is wed on his ain lovely Jeany,
ow they do live at the hills of Craquair,
is wed on his ain lovely Jeany,
nger he kens her he like s her the mair.

ORROW AND CARE.

friend, and to foe,
And to all that I know,

That to marriage ſtate do prepare;
Remember your days,
In their ſeveral days,
Are troubled with ſorrow and care.

For he that doth look,
In the marry'd man's book,
And reads but the items all over,
Shall find them to come,
At length to a ſum,
Shall empty purſe, pocket, and coffer.

In the paſtimes of love,
Where their labours do prove,
And the kitchen beginneth to kick;
For this and for that,
And I know not for what,
The women muſt have, or be ſick.

There's item ſet down,
For a looſe-body gown,
In her longing you muſt not deceive her;
For a bodkin, a ring,
And the other fine thing,
For a cornet and lace to a beaver.

...alver'd and well,
...ho is it can tell?
...ile the child's at the nipple,
...ere's item for wine,
...longst goſſips ſo fine,
...gar to ſweeten the tipple.

...ere's item I hope,
...r ſtarch and for ſoap,
...item for fire and for candle;
...better, for worſe,
...ere's item for nurſe,
...y to dreſs and to dandle.

...hen ſwadled in lap,
...ere's item for pap
...n for pot pan and ladle;
...toral with bells,
...hich cuſtom compels,
...m a crown for a cradle.

...th twenty odd knacks,
...hich the little one lacks,
...n doth the dear dre betray thee;
...t this is the ſport
...country and court,
...not the charges diſmay thee.

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THE MIDNIGHT BOWL.

CARE thou canker of our joys,
Now the tyrant's reign is o'er;
Fill the merry bowl my boys,
Join in Bacchanalian roar,

O'er the merry midnight bowl,
O how happy we will be;
Day was made for vulgar souls,
Night my boys for you and me.

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